

of the day very attentively. "He's very distinguished-looking, don't you think, Mrs. Marner?" turning around. "It's funny he doesn't say something original, though. I've read the book he wrote about Browning; he seems to be quoting it."

Mrs. Marner wondered if it would be worth while to make an original remark to such an audience. Two or three were taking notes. "I shouldn't be surprised, however," she thought, "if they dealt with another subject than Browning."

The elderly lady in front turned around again, this time to show a picture. "This is the house where the Brownings lived in Florence," she said. "Mrs. Browning used to keep the flowers her friends gave her until they were completely withered, would not allow the servants to throw them out. Ah, these poets have such sentiment!"

Mrs. Marner surveyed the scene, but her daughter was not in evidence. The young girl on her left apprised her that Molly was probably "cutting the cake." "Does no one listen," she inquired after a minute, and her neighbour smiled. "I did just now. Dr. Collins said that somebody compared Browning's mind to a piece of strong wood with a knot in it. I wonder who said such an odd thing?"

"It was Gilbert Chesterton," replied Mrs. Marner, but without illumination. Mrs. Chesterton would not have felt flattered.

The speaker concluded his address. Would anyone have the effrontery to say she enjoyed it? The elderly lady in front was making her way forward to do so. But the Professor soon disengaged him-

self, and approached—Mrs. Marner.

While he had been giving his address the hats in front had obstructed her view. Now she recognized him as one of her husband's old friends. The young girls who had been discussing how to make an aviation cap soon vanished, and he sat down beside her.

"I was glad to discover some one I knew," he said. "Do you know, Mrs. Marner, it wears me out more to address a gathering like this than to give a week of college lectures? There's something in the atmosphere that depresses me. The ladies seem appreciative enough, but their detached air is singularly disconcerting."

Their eyes met in amusement, and they laughed together.

"And when did you come to town?" Mrs. Marner inquired by way of variation.

"Just half an hour before I entered this house, but I'm glad I don't leave until the midnight train. I want to see your husband. How is dear old John?"

Molly had just approached, carrying a laden tray. What a feather in her cap to have her mother talking with the learned Professor! What a pity she could not be interested in his favourite poet! It was to be hoped that she would evince some appreciation of his scholarly address. She heard nothing of the sort. Instead, Mrs. Marner was saying, "John would feel very badly if you failed to see him, Dr. Collins. May I invite you to take dinner with us this evening?"

"I'll be delighted. I was hoping you'd ask me. Promise, however, that you will not mention Brown-

ing. I'm so weary of him at times. We'll talk about Jane Austen, whom everybody does not discuss to death. Thank fortune there is not a great deal known about her! How many times have you read "Pride and Prejudice" since I saw you last?"

It was a surprised young lady who offered the "learned Professor" a cup of coffee and a triangular sandwich. He accepted absently, his flow of speech undiminished.

"Do you remember what a famous caterer Emma was, Mrs. Marner? It makes me hungry to recall her dinners and suppers. And wasn't it a cruel joke when her father feasted Miss Bates and her mother on baked apples instead of—what was it?—lamb cutlets and asparagus tips—?"

Dr. Collins remained so long after dinner that Molly wondered if he would reach the depot in time for his train. She thought that for a busy man his actions were very leisurely, and that for a scholar he was almost frivolous.

When he was gone she gave her mother an arch look. "Mother," she said, "what would the girls say if I told them that the great Dr. Collins never referred to Browning, or quoted a line of him, all the evening, and that he is as enthusiastic about Jane Austen as Goldwin Smith?"

"They might decide that Jane Austen must be a very entertaining writer," replied Mrs. Marner.

And with a little embrace Molly concluded, "If you let me have your copy of 'Emma' I'd like to look over it. I ought to read what you do, mother, not to speak of a learned professor!"

In Mountain Land

By Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

FROM the little back-balcony of the house where I am staying there is one of the most bewitching, fascinating, hard-to-describe and impossible-to-forget views that I have ever seen. It is at all times beautiful, but I think perhaps most memorable as I have just seen it, on a clear star-lit winter night. First you look down and across a little open space to a grove of slender trees. They are all powdered with white from the recent storm (for the weather changes here with lightning rapidity), and through them, just beyond them, gleam like Christmas candles the street-lights and house-lights of the town. Past the trees and the lights stretches, cold and mysterious and grim, a strip of dark water, an arm of the Kootenay, and beyond that water stand the mountains, a mighty wall, closing in protectingly the sleeping town. Over those vast, irregular ramparts Angels or Titans might peer down upon us. I think if I had my choice it would be Angels, great, dusky-winged ones bearing sleep and dreams; but then, what likelier place for some old Titan from legendary days to have been sleeping than in some great gorge beyond those mountain-walls; and if at last he awoke and

leaned his massive head across and saw the little houses of a little mortal city, what a deal he would have to think about as he settled back to his next long nap—unless, indeed, he decided that we were a nice toy-village, and came lumbering over and down to play with us! Above the mountains arches a clear, cold sky, sprinkled with solemn stars, contrasting with and yet companioning the cheery glittering lights below.

This is my night view from the balcony. By daylight, in bright weather, the picture is in blues and whites—with always that cold grey of the water, the one rather daunting feature of the landscape. The ground shows here and there through the snow on the mountain-sides, and the trees and houses add soft neutral tints to the whole.

But sometimes one sees a soft, white, fleecy cloud drifting in a leisurely fashion along the mountain, such a cloud, apparently, as might accentuate the warmth and blueness of a sky in June—and that, the weather-wise will tell you, is a snow-storm coming! And it is! In a little while that white cloud

has grown like the genii let out of the bottle; the mountains are shut out by a sky-woven veil of mist and storm; feathery, drifting flakes outline the trees and flutter like fairy birds against the window-panes.

These are the Selkirks that keep guard around us, like mighty couchant St. Bernards. They seem to me friends already—but without a formal introduction, for it is almost impossible to find out their individual names! By dint of much questioning, however, I have discovered the appellations of a few. There is Granite Mountain, Morning Mountain, and Silver King, and in the distance the lofty peak of perpetual snows called Kokanee. But this is only the beginning of our acquaintance. The mountains are like some of one's human friends; there is an endless amount of wisdom and delight to be gained from their companionship, and of rest in the very remembrance of their steadfastness.

Another distinguishing feature of Mountain Land, besides its beauty of landscape, is the tonic, exhilarating quality of the air. It fills one with joy and ambition. You are weary of work within four walls? No wonder! Come out into the delightful

(Concluded on next page.)

Wives of Cabinet Ministers

MRS. FRANK COCHRANE and Mrs. Alexander Lougheed are two cabinet minister's wives much loved by many people for their philanthropy and sterling social qualities. Mrs. Cochrane was born in Pembroke, where her father, Mr. Dunlap, was a pioneer lumber-man. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane lived in Sudbury, where they were famous for their hospitality and social leadership. About fourteen years ago they moved to Toronto, where Mrs. Cochrane first had the experience of being wife to a cabinet minister.

The people who can tell most about Mrs. Cochrane are the poor and needy. She is not a "slummer," but an active member of many charitable societies. She was especially interested in the Boys' Home in Toronto. She is also a member of the Daughters of the Empire and a great church worker.

Not long ago, when she contemplated having her photo taken, she said to one of the handsomest women in Ottawa, "Mrs. Blank, I wish you would do a favour for me."

"With pleasure," said the lady. "What is it?" "I would like you to pose for my photo," said Mrs. Cochrane, with a smile.

But native modesty usually marks fine character. Mrs. Cochrane has a very keen interest in people less well off than herself. As was once said of her—"All the poor people love her."

Mrs. Lougheed, sister of Lady Strathcona, is the daughter of Chief Inspector Hardisty, of the Hudson's Bay Co. She has lived in Fort Resolution and Norway House. Her home is now in Calgary.



Mrs. Frank Cochrane, Wife of the Minister of Railways.



Mrs. J. Alexander Lougheed, Sister of Lady Strathcona.